

THE JOURNAL'S STAFF AT CARSON IS THE GREATEST IN NEWSPAPER HISTORY.

NAUGHTON'S RECKONING.

It is the Most Difficult Fight in Ring History to Forecast.

RECORDS OF THE MEN.

Their Cardinal Qualities as Fighters Almost Balance—The Writer Has Known Both from Their Pugnacious Infancy.

Carson, Nev., March 9.—After several weeks of persistent pegging at the preparations for the most talked of glove contest in a quarter of a century, the writer is beginning to think that little remains to be said in regard to the men and their methods of training. It occurs to me, however, that it might be a good thing to begin instituting comparisons between the two crack-jacks, whom the sporting world adjudges so nearly equal in everything that goes to make a latter-day champion. I have made forecasts before on the eve of important battles, and have been able to dispose of the task at a single writing, but this time it is different. The cardinal qualities of the rival heavy weights balance so equally that the consideration of minor gifts and talents becomes necessary. This, of course, means the discussion of multiplicity of points.

Their Past Performances.
I will in turn dwell upon the men's past performances, their present condition, ringmanship, endurance and punching ability, and under each of these headings it will be found that a greater number of issues demand treatment than would appear at a first glance. Beginning to-day with the past performances, I want to say emphatically that neither Corbett nor Fitzsimmons can be regarded in the light of an accident. With the exception of John L. Sullivan, possibly, the only men who are to meet on St. Patrick's Day have been as long before the public as the remainder of heavy weights. Their colors are still flying, while the lee shores of sluggardom are strewn with the battered hulks of their fellows. They have not reached their present common pinnacle by dodging the issue. Their records will show this. They have borne their share of the heat and burden, and no matter how one looks at it, the fact that these twins are left to battle for the blue ribbon of the fist world is but an apt illustration of the old formula, "The survival of the fittest."

Corbett's Early Days.
Eleven years ago it was my daily habit to drop into the old California Club, at No. 216 Grant avenue, San Francisco, while Jim Corbett, the sapling, and Dick Matthews were sparring. Occasionally I donned the gloves with Pompadour Jim, but that is another story. Once, when Corbett and myself were talking of the possibility of the future, he confided to me that it was his ambition to be known some day as the champion of the world. This was before the large fight with Chynski took place and consequently before everything that happened since that memorable battle. I remember one other day, in May, 1890, when these two arrived from Australia a freckled-faced, lean shanked individual, with bony hands and alert blue eyes. A week or two later I watched him whip Bill McCarty, and subsequently when complimenting him on his showing he remarked: "You will see me taking a punch at the big fellows before I am through." He was Fitzsimmons.

How Corbett Grew.
What have Corbett and the Cornishman accomplished since those far away days? Pompadour Jim has run the gamut of men like Chynski, Kilrain, Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell. To my mind, his showing with Jackson was his star performance, for with all due allowance for Peter's stiffened ankle, it was a marvelous thing for a comparatively amateur to hold his own with the colored wonder from the antipodes. Jim, who had watched Jackson in his fights with Godfrey, McAuliffe and Cardiff, had studied the Australian's most dangerous tactics. Such as he had not guessed correctly he acquainted himself with and made provision against while the fight was in progress. As a consequence, he came through the ordeal unscathed. He felt the force of one of Jackson's heart punches, but only one, and when he walked out of the ring that night he was just the danger point of his career. His subsequent experience with Sullivan and Mitchell were only in the nature of exercises. His showing with Sharkey will be dealt with under separate heading, and, as I said before, that Corbett is at the present time on deck to dispute the supremacy in the world of fists is but a tribute to the depth and breadth of the time-honored saying, "The survival of the fittest."

Has Wood Fire Outen.
Fitzsimmons has been under fire more than Corbett. He has not been pitted against such high-class men, but he has borne the brunt of a greater number of engagements. His middleweight contests with Dempsey, Kilrain, McCarty, and others, proved him to be a wonderful workman, and his later showings with Jim Hall, Maher twice, Creedon and Chynski made good his boast that he would some day "take a punch at the big fellows."

He has been in trouble more frequently than has Corbett. Time and again he has been knocked dizzy by the weight of his opponent's fist, and many of those who will not acknowledge that he has qualified for the championship, are quick to point out arguments by reference to the number of occasions on which he has been within an inch of defeat. They concede that in Maher and Chynski the Cornishman has been against the hardest maulers in the business, and they do not lay stress enough upon the fact that while pelted dizzy by each of his brace of heavy hitters, Bob has escaped being completely knocked out.

The Stretch Horse of Pugilism.
The most exciting races in the annals of the turf have been won by what is known as stretch horses, and that Fitzsimmons was Fitz's man to assert himself at a critical time suggests to me that he has well earned the title of the stretch horse of pugilism. That hard race he has given in and the hard decisive race he has given in return make two things reasonably palpable. One is that he recovers quickly from startling blows, and that there is no degree of dizziness affects the force of his own deliverance. He has emerged from tight places, and the signals that dangle at his side warrant me in contending that he is the upholder of the theory of "the survival of the fittest."

To-morrow I will have something to say regarding the present condition of the men.
W. W. NAUGHTON.

The First Step
toward rapid recovery should be the purchase of Anderson's "Buck's Kidney Pills," which are available to nursing mothers. To be had at all drug stores—adv.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS WILL DESCRIBE THE FIGHT FOR THE JOURNAL.

The Great Championship Contest Will Be Covered for This Paper from Every Point of View—An Uncommon Special Staff.

Ex-Senator

Ingalls

and

Governor

R.

Sadler,

of

Nevada,

Please write your representative
time at Carson to secure accommodations
and a good seat for me for the contest
I should like to get them by the 16th
Yours
John Ingalls.

The coming encounter at Carson will undoubtedly be an affair of extraordinary interest to a vast majority of the people of the United States. With a view to having it treated from a higher standpoint, as well as from that of mere technical description, Senator J. J. Ingalls has been prevailed upon to be present at the contest and to write his views of it exclusively for the Journal. The readers of this paper do not need to be reminded of the trenchant style and intellectual vigor which characterize the writing of Senator Ingalls. His personal observation of this remarkable encounter may be expected to result in one of the most interesting articles ever written from a ring side.

The Journal will also contain accounts of the fight from both principals, Corbett and Fitzsimmons, and a report from George Siler, the referee. These three men from the intimate nature of their connection with the fight will present important details that the looker-on would not remark. At the ringside will be Tom Sharkey, who will witness the entertainment from the standpoint of a defeated candidate for championship honors. William Muldoon, the great trainer of men for urgent physical effort; W. W. Naughton, a writer on sporting topics, whose expressions conclude public opinion on three continents; T. T. Williams, a widely known writer on general subjects; Dan Stuart, the promoter of the great pugilistic event, and Al Smith, the stakeholder. All these will give their impressions to the world through the columns of the Journal. Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Fitzsimmons will tell how the wives of gladiators feel when their husbands struggle for supremacy, and Governor Sadler, of Nevada, will contribute a column of views obtained from the private box of the Chief Executive of a commonwealth. All conditions of social and public life will have representatives on the Journal's staff for March 17.



GORBETT AND HIS TRAINERS GOING FROM THEIR QUARTERS TO THE HANDBALL COURT.

(From a photograph taken expressly for the Journal by F. H. Bushnell, of San Francisco.)

FROM THE TWIN CHAMPIONS OF THE PRIZE RING TO THE JOURNAL.

Fitz Filled with a Sense of the Importance of the Fight and Saturated with Self-Confidence.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)
Training Quarters, Cook's Ranch, Carson, Nev., March 9.
To the Editor of the Journal:
When this is placed before the public in the New York Journal it will be just one week and a few hours from the time that Referee George Siler will call me before the man whom I have been preparing to meet for the last five years. With that date constantly before me, and the certain knowledge that it will mean much to me, I have been training conscientiously and with as much knowledge as I possess. I fully comprehend the importance that attaches to my being in condition; not average condition, but as near perfection as the human body can be brought. All the rumors as to my drinking, all the fakes that have been saddled upon me, all the misrepresentations that have been disseminated through the country to influence the public mind and work to my discredit, will avail the manufacturers nothing. I am moving on toward the day and the hour when I stand in a twenty-five ring with another man in front of me, and that man James J. Corbett. For fifteen years I have faced all classes and conditions of men, but I feel in this I have literally pushed all others aside to step up to him.

Whoever of the American people read this to-day, and who expect to be present when the occasion occurs, I respectfully ask to mark well my attitude when I enter the ring. It will not be with the arrogance and swagger of a braggart, nor the trembling of a cowed man, but with a calm, quiet certainty of my purpose, that can only be worked out and finished by myself. To-day my wife is by my side, where she will remain until the fight is over, after which I will return to New York with her, where she shall enjoy what little distinction may come from being the wife of

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

Champion of the World.

REFEREE SILER ON RING RULES.

He Is Disposed to Avoid All Chance for Misunderstanding by Instructing Principals in Advance.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

Carson, Nev., March 9.—Corbett is anxious to have me send to both himself and Fitzsimmons my interpretations of the Marquis of Queensberry rules to-morrow, and also make them be sent broadcast

throughout the United States, while Fitzsimmons does not care about knowing what he is or what he is not to be permitted to do until the day before the fight. Corbett thinks that if he and Bob know a week beforehand just "what is what," it will give them ample time to study my interpretations fully; that they will then have them at their fingers' ends, and if either of them indulges in any fool tactics the spectators and everybody connected with the contest and the public at large will know which one is lying up to the agreement and fighting according to the rules.

The world is deeply interested in the coming contest, and I see no reason why every-

body should not be posted upon the manner in which the contest is to be conducted.

An Ancient Custom.

It has been customary for the referee of a battle to instruct the men in the corner of the ring just prior to the contest. This is supposed to be the proper thing, and any change from these stereotyped customs would undoubtedly appear odd. If that method, made by custom, is right, then the move I intend to make in this contest may be censured. Still, if the old custom is right it does not necessarily follow that informing the principals of my construction of the rules a week prior to the battle is of the eyes of some. It is a well known fact that the average spectator of a fight is not conversant with the rules and that the first opportunity which presents itself, even

though there is no cause for it, he will yell "Foul."

The Greatest of Its Kind.

The coming battle will overshadow anything of its kind in the history of the ring. Both men are anxious to win, and I am convinced, want to win by fair means only. Neither of them, I am sure, wants to lose or win the battle on a technicality, and I've no doubt that the public at large is as anxious to see the best man win and win on his merits. If, as I really believe, everybody, irrespective of favoritism or prejudice, wishes to see the best man victor, why, then, should they not be made acquainted with my construction of the rules? With this information, those who are unable to witness the contest will know by reading the accounts of the battle whether it was fought according to the

rules, and if not, which of the principals erred. The custom of instructing the principals of a contest just prior to the fight may be proper, but how often do the principals forget the referee's instructions given at a time when both of them are under a severe nervous strain, and therefore unwittingly violate all rules or instructions at the first opportunity?

GEORGE SILER.

White's Slayer Surrenders.
Kingston, N. Y., March 9.—A man claiming to be Charles Green, the murderer of Isaac White, of Keefe's Corners, Albany County, went to Roxbury, Delaware County, yesterday and gave himself up to Deputy Sheriff Hammond. He said he had learned the day before that White was dead.

FITZ'S CAMP HOMELIKE.

A Piano in the Cook's Ranch Parlor and a Baby in the Nursery.

EVERY ONE IS HAPPY.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons Again Declares Her Belief That the Head of Her Family Will Win the Fight.

Carson, Nev., March 9.—Fitzsimmons's quarters look like home now; there's a piano in the parlor, a baby in the nursery, and every one is happy, except Yarrum, the dog, who has to camp in the snow and is never noticed when the baby is awake. Fitzsimmons makes constant incursions in the domain of infancy and seizes the tender Robert Jr., in his arms as if he had never seen a baby before, while Mrs. Fitzsimmons smiles approvingly. She says Fitz likes it, and it does not hurt the most wonderful baby on earth, so it's all right.

Worship seems a feeble word to use to describe the adoration Mrs. Fitzsimmons pours out at the shrine of the famous doer of deeds. "He's such a good, true husband," she said to me to-day; "all his thoughts are for me and his child. He does love children, so I'd be happy to have a dozen of them if we had a settled home, you know, but this traveling is not good for the baby."

Sure Fitz Will Win.

"Am I anxious about the fight? Why, of course I am, but only in this way: I am sure Fitz will win, but I don't want to see him hit. I shall be at the fight most likely. I saw one before, but it was all new to me then, for when we were children mother never let us near any of that sort of thing. I don't think a boxing contest is brutal at all. You know I've been used to athletic exercise from childhood, and know that efforts of the hardest kind don't hurt one if in proper condition. I am hopeful that there will be no trouble or disturbance at the ring, and nothing like what there was in San Francisco, when my husband whipped Sharkey, and they took the fight away from him."

T. T. WILLIAMS.

Still the Same Robert.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Training Quarters, Carson, Nev., March 9.

Further study of my husband convinces me that my estimation of yesterday was not wrong. Mr. Fitzsimmons arose this morning looking even better than yesterday. Nothing in the world can convince me that he is not approaching a victory. I have thought it out with all the care I can, and as I told Mr. Williams, of the Journal, to-day, I estimate the fight at about four rounds, with my husband on his feet and winner at the conclusion. I saw him spar and punch the bag this afternoon, and whatever the public may think of him, he is still the Bob Fitzsimmons of many other fights, with a little more strength and a great deal more determination.

MRS. ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

DR. GUINAN'S REPORT.

Made to the Journal Only—The Other Interview an Invention.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Carson, Nev., March 9.

Having been informed that a New York paper claims to have had an interview with me concerning the examinations of J. J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons, made at the request of the Journal, I desire to say that there is not one scintilla of fact to support such a statement. In every instance where I have been approached by other papers than the Journal I have replied that I could not violate a professional secret, and have referred them to the Journal for information. After making my report of the examination, I handed it in a sealed envelope to Mr. Williams. I have never made known to any other person, whether reporter or otherwise, one fact concerning the same.

J. GUINAN, M.D.

FROM CARSON.

Fitz takes his regular morning exercise at the wood pile—Dispatch from Carson.

Now Fitz is nimbly dancing around the leather bag.

And pounding it to jelly and to a ribboned rag;

He wrestles with his bow wow and gayly skips the rope,

And studies all the future as through a telescope,

And, fully realizing he has no blooming "quid,"

He wisely stops his talking and goes to sawing wood.

He runs in shade and sunshine, he capers up the tree,

He tumbles down the mountain and skips along the sea;

The run-pas of the circus his bellows never blows,

E'en when he hits his trainer a corker on the nose.

That there will be a battle by Fitz is understood.

And so he stops his talking and goes to sawing wood.

And Corbett realizes full well the coming fray

Went to game of checkers or "bean bag" or croquet.

And so he's bumping, thumping and jumping down the road,

And whirling round the handball his tissues to unload;

The aspect of the outlook by him is understood.

When Fitz abandons talking and takes to sawing wood.

So Corbett daily labors with vigor at his task,

And hammers off his trainer the great, inflated mask;

His pumping apparatus he's getting into shape,

And hardening his muscles with canister and grape.

Will Fitz most likely fancy the fight is on for good—

That Corbett's stopped his talking and gone to sawing wood.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Killed by a Powder Explosion.

Wilmington, Del., March 9.—A rolling mill of the Dupont Powder Works was destroyed by an explosion to-day, James Walker, who had a large family, was killed.

Waste no money. Buy Salvation Oil, the only good liniment. It kills all pain—adv.